

























## THE STORE BOY.

OR,  
THE FORTUNES OF BEN BARCLAY.

By HORATIO ALGER, JR.

Author of "Do and Dare," "Hector's Inheritance," "The Back Woods Boy," "From Farm Boy to Senator," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

BEN ON TRIAL.  
"Excuse me, Cousin Hamilton," I began on an impulse.

The speaker was Mrs. Hill, and the person addressed was Cousin Hamilton, who was sitting at the table.

"I am only writing a note, about which there is no haste. Did you wish to speak to me?"

Mrs. Hamilton leaned back in her chair and waited to hear what Mrs. Hill had to say. There was very little similarity between the two ladies, as was shown by a pleasant, benevolent face, to whom not only children but older people were attracted.

"I don't see why you should have judged so of my poor Conrad," complained Mrs. Hill.

"Why is it painful?" asked Mrs. Hamilton, looking at her.

"Because my motives may be misconstrued. Then I fear it will give you pain."

"No, indeed," answered Mrs. Hill, half smiling. "My boy is a great comfort to me."

"I am glad to hear it," said Mrs. Hamilton, smiling.

"For her own part, Mrs. Hamilton thought that her cousin's son, the late attractive young people she had ever met, and save for a feeling of pity and the slight claims of friendship, she had never been willing to keep him in the house."

"I don't see why you should have judged so of my poor Conrad," complained Mrs. Hill.

"Why is it painful?" asked Mrs. Hamilton, looking at her.

"Because my motives may be misconstrued. Then I fear it will give you pain."

"No, indeed," answered Mrs. Hill, half smiling. "My boy is a great comfort to me."

"I am glad to hear it," said Mrs. Hamilton, smiling.

"For her own part, Mrs. Hamilton thought that her cousin's son, the late attractive young people she had ever met, and save for a feeling of pity and the slight claims of friendship, she had never been willing to keep him in the house."

"I don't see why you should have judged so of my poor Conrad," complained Mrs. Hill.

"Why is it painful?" asked Mrs. Hamilton, looking at her.

"Because my motives may be misconstrued. Then I fear it will give you pain."

"No, indeed," answered Mrs. Hill, half smiling. "My boy is a great comfort to me."

"I am glad to hear it," said Mrs. Hamilton, smiling.

"For her own part, Mrs. Hamilton thought that her cousin's son, the late attractive young people she had ever met, and save for a feeling of pity and the slight claims of friendship, she had never been willing to keep him in the house."

"I don't see why you should have judged so of my poor Conrad," complained Mrs. Hill.

"Why is it painful?" asked Mrs. Hamilton, looking at her.

"Because my motives may be misconstrued. Then I fear it will give you pain."

"No, indeed," answered Mrs. Hill, half smiling. "My boy is a great comfort to me."

"I am glad to hear it," said Mrs. Hamilton, smiling.

"For her own part, Mrs. Hamilton thought that her cousin's son, the late attractive young people she had ever met, and save for a feeling of pity and the slight claims of friendship, she had never been willing to keep him in the house."

"I don't see why you should have judged so of my poor Conrad," complained Mrs. Hill.

"Why is it painful?" asked Mrs. Hamilton, looking at her.

"Because my motives may be misconstrued. Then I fear it will give you pain."

"No, indeed," answered Mrs. Hill, half smiling. "My boy is a great comfort to me."

"I am glad to hear it," said Mrs. Hamilton, smiling.

"For her own part, Mrs. Hamilton thought that her cousin's son, the late attractive young people she had ever met, and save for a feeling of pity and the slight claims of friendship, she had never been willing to keep him in the house."

"I don't see why you should have judged so of my poor Conrad," complained Mrs. Hill.

"Why is it painful?" asked Mrs. Hamilton, looking at her.

"Because my motives may be misconstrued. Then I fear it will give you pain."

"No, indeed," answered Mrs. Hill, half smiling. "My boy is a great comfort to me."

you coolly for a time, as if you had incurred my displeasure. You need not feel sensitive, however, but may consider that I am acting for the best."

"Then it may be as well for me to act coolly," suggested Mrs. Hill.

"A good suggestion! You will do well to look sober and uneasy."

"I will do my best," answered Ben, brightly.

The programme was carried out. To the eldest son of Mr. Hill and Conrad, Mrs. Hamilton scarcely addressed a word to Ben at the supper table. When she did speak, it was with an air of reserve, and to no less quiet unusual for the warm-hearted woman. Mrs. Hill, however, took a very lively part in the conversation. Mrs. Hill and Conrad, who were seated at the head of the table, chatted cheerfully, and addressed an occasional word to Ben. They could afford to do so, for they had not lost their rich cousin's favor.

"After supper Conrad went into his mother's room."

"Our plan's working well, mother," he said, rubbing his hands.

"Yes, Conrad, it is. Cousin Hamilton is very angry at the boy. She scarcely says a word to him."

"He won't stay here, I'll be bound. Conrad, I suggest, mother, that he had better be dismissed. He is a general nuisance."

"No, Conrad, we have done all that is possible. He is a general nuisance, but we must deal with him. She will probably keep him for a short time, till she can get along with the situation."

"It's lucky he lost the ticket, Cousin Hamilton will think he never received any."

"It is clear that Ben had two dangerous and unscrupulous enemies in the house."

"I don't see why you should have judged so of my poor Conrad," complained Mrs. Hill.

"Why is it painful?" asked Mrs. Hamilton, looking at her.

"Because my motives may be misconstrued. Then I fear it will give you pain."

"No, indeed," answered Mrs. Hill, half smiling. "My boy is a great comfort to me."

"I am glad to hear it," said Mrs. Hamilton, smiling.

"For her own part, Mrs. Hamilton thought that her cousin's son, the late attractive young people she had ever met, and save for a feeling of pity and the slight claims of friendship, she had never been willing to keep him in the house."

"I don't see why you should have judged so of my poor Conrad," complained Mrs. Hill.

"Why is it painful?" asked Mrs. Hamilton, looking at her.

"Because my motives may be misconstrued. Then I fear it will give you pain."

"No, indeed," answered Mrs. Hill, half smiling. "My boy is a great comfort to me."

"I am glad to hear it," said Mrs. Hamilton, smiling.

"For her own part, Mrs. Hamilton thought that her cousin's son, the late attractive young people she had ever met, and save for a feeling of pity and the slight claims of friendship, she had never been willing to keep him in the house."

"I don't see why you should have judged so of my poor Conrad," complained Mrs. Hill.

"Why is it painful?" asked Mrs. Hamilton, looking at her.

"Because my motives may be misconstrued. Then I fear it will give you pain."

"No, indeed," answered Mrs. Hill, half smiling. "My boy is a great comfort to me."

"I am glad to hear it," said Mrs. Hamilton, smiling.

"For her own part, Mrs. Hamilton thought that her cousin's son, the late attractive young people she had ever met, and save for a feeling of pity and the slight claims of friendship, she had never been willing to keep him in the house."

"I don't see why you should have judged so of my poor Conrad," complained Mrs. Hill.

"Why is it painful?" asked Mrs. Hamilton, looking at her.

"Because my motives may be misconstrued. Then I fear it will give you pain."

"No, indeed," answered Mrs. Hill, half smiling. "My boy is a great comfort to me."

"I am glad to hear it," said Mrs. Hamilton, smiling.

"For her own part, Mrs. Hamilton thought that her cousin's son, the late attractive young people she had ever met, and save for a feeling of pity and the slight claims of friendship, she had never been willing to keep him in the house."

"I don't see why you should have judged so of my poor Conrad," complained Mrs. Hill.

"Why is it painful?" asked Mrs. Hamilton, looking at her.

"Because my motives may be misconstrued. Then I fear it will give you pain."

"No, indeed," answered Mrs. Hill, half smiling. "My boy is a great comfort to me."

"I am glad to hear it," said Mrs. Hamilton, smiling.

cousin employs a boy of about sixteen, whom, as I think, she engaged rather rashly, and I am sure, you know, she is not contented. He assists in her writing and accounts."

"His name is Benjamin Barclay, is it not?"

"Yes, it is. In fact, I think his name is Ben."

"Ben?"

"Yes, Ben. He is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

"Ben?"

"Yes, Ben. He is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

"Ben?"

"Yes, Ben. He is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

"Ben?"

"Yes, Ben. He is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

"Ben?"

"Yes, Ben. He is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

"Ben?"

"Yes, Ben. He is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

"Ben?"

"Yes, Ben. He is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

"Ben?"

"Yes, Ben. He is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

"Ben?"

"Yes, Ben. He is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

"Ben?"

"Yes, Ben. He is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

"Ben?"

"Yes, Ben. He is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

"Ben?"

"Yes, Ben. He is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

"Ben?"

"Yes, Ben. He is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

"Ben?"

"Yes, Ben. He is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

"Ben?"

"Yes, Ben. He is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

"Ben?"

"Yes, Ben. He is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

"Ben?"

"Yes, Ben. He is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

"Ben?"

"Yes, Ben. He is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

"Ben?"

"Yes, Ben. He is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

"What do you think, Mr. Lynx?" asked Mrs. Hamilton.

"I think it is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

"Ben?"

"Yes, Ben. He is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

"Ben?"

"Yes, Ben. He is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

"Ben?"

"Yes, Ben. He is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

"Ben?"

"Yes, Ben. He is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

"Ben?"

"Yes, Ben. He is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

"Ben?"

"Yes, Ben. He is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

"Ben?"

"Yes, Ben. He is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

"Ben?"

"Yes, Ben. He is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

"Ben?"

"Yes, Ben. He is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

"Ben?"

"Yes, Ben. He is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

"Ben?"

"Yes, Ben. He is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

"Ben?"

"Yes, Ben. He is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

"Ben?"

"Yes, Ben. He is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

"Ben?"

"Yes, Ben. He is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

"Ben?"

"Yes, Ben. He is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

"Ben?"

"Yes, Ben. He is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

"Ben?"

"Yes, Ben. He is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

"Ben?"

"Yes, Ben. He is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

"Ben?"

"Yes, Ben. He is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

"Ben?"

pawning the opera glass was not Ben, but himself. When, upon Mrs. Hamilton's remark, he saw a spray of hair, and a gleam of teeth, he was startled.

"And you don't think him guilty?" she asked.

"No, the boy isn't fool enough, first, to give his own name at the pawnbroker's, and second, to be so easily exposed in his room."

"How then did it come there?"

"I don't know, but I think it is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

"Ben?"

"Yes, Ben. He is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

"Ben?"

"Yes, Ben. He is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

"Ben?"

"Yes, Ben. He is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

"Ben?"

"Yes, Ben. He is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

"Ben?"

"Yes, Ben. He is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

"Ben?"

"Yes, Ben. He is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

"Ben?"

"Yes, Ben. He is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

"Ben?"

"Yes, Ben. He is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

"Ben?"

"Yes, Ben. He is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

"Ben?"

"Yes, Ben. He is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

"Ben?"

"Yes, Ben. He is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

"Ben?"

"Yes, Ben. He is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

"Ben?"

"Yes, Ben. He is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

"Ben?"

"Yes, Ben. He is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

"Ben?"

"Yes, Ben. He is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

"Ben?"

"Yes, Ben. He is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

"Ben?"

"Yes, Ben. He is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

"Ben?"

"Yes, Ben. He is a very nice boy, and I think his name is Ben."

## THE COOKING SCHOOL.

Some Savory Summer Soups.

Mock Bisque, Tomato, Bean, Green Corn, and Other Soups.

How They Can be Quickly and Easily Concocted.

It is undeniably desirable that the number of hours which a housewife is obliged to spend in the kitchen should be reduced to the lowest possible terms. In cooking, as in everything else, there are things which take a great deal of time and others which take but a few minutes. During the hot weather be carefully selected from the latter class of domestic receipts, the gain in time, strength and amiability will be worth a great deal, not only to the person most nearly interested, but to all with whom she is brought in contact.

Begin then with the item of soup, and from that to the fruit dessert; let all be of the simplest possible description, and not only will the good results mentioned above follow, but the general family health will bear testimony as to the wisdom of such a course.

The easiest and quickest soups to make are, of course, those without stock. Mrs. Lincoln, in the "Boston Cook Book," devotes a chapter to this sort of "potage," and from the multitude of valuable recipes given by her we select a few which we give in full.

**Tomato Soup.**  
One quart can tomatoes, one pint hot water, one teaspoon sugar, one teaspoon salt, half a cup of butter, one tablespoon white pepper, one tablespoon parsley and corn starch.

Put the tomatoes, water, sugar, salt, and corn starch in a small saucepan, and when the butter is melted, add the tomatoes, water, sugar, salt, and corn starch.

**Mock Bisque Soup.**  
One-half can tomatoes, one quart milk, one teaspoon salt, one half as much onion, one teaspoon butter, one half as much onion.

Stew the tomatoes till soft enough to strain easily. Put the milk in a double boiler, and when the butter is melted, add the tomatoes, water, sugar, salt, and corn starch.

**Bean Soup.**  
One quart can beans, one quart milk, one teaspoon salt, one half as much onion, one teaspoon butter, one half as much onion.

Stew the beans till soft enough to strain easily. Put the milk in a double boiler, and when the butter is melted, add the beans, water, sugar, salt, and corn starch.

**Green Corn Soup.**  
One quart can green corn, one quart milk, one teaspoon salt, one half as much onion, one teaspoon butter, one half as much onion.

Stew the corn till soft enough to strain easily. Put the milk in a double boiler, and when the butter is melted, add the corn, water, sugar, salt, and corn starch.

**Tomato Soup.**  
One quart can tomatoes, one pint hot water, one teaspoon sugar, one teaspoon salt, half a cup of butter, one tablespoon white pepper, one tablespoon parsley and corn starch.

Put the tomatoes, water, sugar, salt, and corn starch in a small saucepan, and when the butter is melted, add the tomatoes, water, sugar, salt, and corn starch.

**Mock Bisque Soup.**  
One-half can tomatoes, one quart milk, one teaspoon salt, one half as much onion, one teaspoon butter, one half as much onion.

Stew the tomatoes till soft enough to strain easily. Put the milk in a double boiler, and when the butter is melted, add the tomatoes, water, sugar, salt, and corn starch.

**Bean Soup.**  
One quart can beans, one quart milk, one teaspoon salt, one half as much onion, one teaspoon butter, one half as much onion.

Stew the beans till soft enough to strain easily



